.50 cts

POEMS and WRITINGS

by

Mrs. P. R. "Phebe" Aeschliman

MY NAME
PHEBE AESCHLIMAN

Praise the Lord for free salvation.

Have all heard the invitation?

Everyone that does believe

By believing shall recieve-

Even tho your faith be small,

And just faintly hear the call;

Even deaf ones learn to hear-

Some have never heard I fear;

"Come", says Jesus, "Come to me"

Have salvation full and free;

I, the shepherd, love the sheep;

Many are outside the fold-

And shivering in the cold,

Now are precious more than gold.

INTRODUCTION

This booklet contains some of the many poems and writings of Aunt Phebe Aeschliman, wife of the late Rev. P R. Aeschliman, pastor for many years of the Onecho Church, Colfax, Washington. Not only did Aunt Phebe compose the words and music of the songs in the booklet, she also sang them to her own accompaniment on the piano. Most of her composing was done in the later years of her life. She passed away very suddenly in her home, at the age of 85 years, in 1950.

HISTORY OF THE ONECHO CHURCH

By Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

The First Mennonite Church of Washington-
This name was given for her own;
'Twas organized in eighteen-hundred ninety-three
In perfect peace and harmony.

'Twas in July, a sunny day,
When dust was flying on our way-
There were no cars, no road was graveled,
With horse and wagon then we traveled.

But that did not interfere-
Rev. J. B. Baer was here;
In a private home we met,
J. B. Baer the service led.

There was a unanimous thought
That was before the meeting brought-
To organize and give a call
To one we trusted-that was Paul.

In harmony they all agreed-
The church was lifted on it's feet;
The next day then Paul was ordained,
An Elder of the church proclaimed.

He had been preaching for some time-
He then was thirty, in his prime;
All day he worked, was farming there,
At night his sermon would prepare.

There were charter members, twenty-four,
But soon were added many more;
The people all were plain, but true,
Not one of them was well to do.

A church was built then, neat and plain,
And that first church was not in vain;
For thirty years it stood erected-
The young folks from the world protected.

Revival meetings there were held,
The membership in number swelled;
The Methodists, too, helped along,
United always makes more strong.

We live together as one flock,
To them the doors would never lock;
For years before they labored there
Thus for their credit have a share.

MY BROTHER'S TRIP (Contiued)

They could visit there together,
Enjoyed it all the same.
His birthday was not till the next day,
Then in the evening Arthur came;

We went to church on Sunday,
Then after church we went
To Ernest Aeschliman's for dinner-
A pleasant day was spent.

He stayed around for two more days-
Helped sister, in a way.
He gathered corn and brought it in,
But could no longer stay.

Then he arrived at Port Angeles,
Where Lynn and Verna live;
They showed him such a lovely time
All the pleasure they could give.

They took rides on motor boats,
In some moon light nights...
Went all around the lake for miles-
It was a glorious sight!

They say that lake there has no bottom,
If something in would fall.
Some years ago two cars fell in,
Have not been found at all.

He saw some deer there in the mountains-
They were by people fed,
They were so tame and came so near,
Two from his hand were eating bread.

Then he was bound for Idaho-
And hurried on his way,
He wondered how things were at home
But all things were Okay.

He stayed with Lora for two days-
Perhaps to take a rest;
He had a very pleasant time-
But 'Home, Sweet Home' is best.

If you wish to know his name...
It's Philip Dieffenbach.
But not the half has here been said
Of everything he seen!

A LETTER FROM HEAVEN

I am here in the presence of God-
Rough and steep was the path that I trod;
Through the valley of death I have passed
In the harbor my anchor have cast.

Now I hear the glory bells ring-
Bright Angels with golden harps sing;
The harps are in tune with the bells,
The music in harmony swells.

Like jasper the city walls shine-
The mansions are glorious divine;
I shine as a star in heaven,
And a harp to me is given.

With the ransom in glory I sing,
Sing praises to Jesus my King;
Would you weep when another star blinks-
Or mourn when another voice sings?

We sing the sweet melodies here,
The songs that on earth were so dear;
The music continually sounds-
The glory songs ever abound.

No discord or minor is here,
No sorrow, and never a tear;
Jesus with me is talking
On streets of gold we are walking.

By ever green pastures He leads
With the heavenly bread He feeds;
I shall hunger or thirst never more-
All care and trouble is o'er.

You, who are still roaming below-
Would I ever forget you? No, No!
Memory is like a golden chain,
It will meet and link again.

Why should your heart be riven
When I am happy in heaven?
A blessed reunion takes place
When we shall see "Face to Face".

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

CALVARY

They took my blessed Lord away,
Rejected, condemned to die
They led Him on to Calvary,
And there to crucify,
They mocked Him, Struck Him on the head,
They made a crown of cruel thorns,
And put it on His head.

They put a gorgeous robe on Him,
To represent a King,
And Pilate too consented thus,
To such an evil thing,
They bent their knees to worship Him,
They greeted Him with scorns,
They took a reed and struck Him with
Upon the crown of thorns.

When Pilate tried Him to release
The cruel mob would cry,
Away with Him, away with Him,
Crucify Him, crucify
They led Him on to Calvary
His cross they made him bear,
They pierced His hand, His feet with nails,
And crucified Him there.

The soldiers did their cruel task,
It was the best they knew,
Forgive O Father, Jesus prayed
They know not what they do,
He died, they laid Him in the tomb
Three days He did remain,
They sealed the tomb and set a watch,
Although it was in vain.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

A traveler from Jerusalem
Went down to Jerico;
He fell among the robbers-
They stripped and beat him so.

A priest then came along that way
He pitied him so much-
Although he was too busy,
And had no time for such.

A Levi then was passing by-
He only looked that way,
He had a date at Jerico
And left the stranger lay.

A good Samaritan then came by-
Was riding on a beast,
He looked that way, was stepping down-
His pity then increased.

The stranger bled, was almost dead,
He was a stranger too.
He eased his pain with oil and wine
Although he was a jew.

He took him to the nearest Inn
And cared for him that night.
At dawn he gave the host two pence
And soon was out of sight.

He traveled, tho promised to return-
'Twas over sea and land;
He also promised to repay
If more on him was spent.

Now who was the neighbor of the three?
They all were neighbors, tho.
Then like the good Samaritan
Go treat your neighbor so.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

THE CHURCH AMONG THE MAPLE TREES
(Continued)

We walked to Church-it was not far,
We did not need a team or car,
The people came from far and near,
It filled our hearts with love and cheer.

Together we sang songs of praise,
Those youthful times are golden days,
The Church among the maple trees,
Still brings to me sweet memories,
Love for the friends there will remain,
God be with you till we meet again.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman
(In Memory of the Mennonite Church in Pulaski, Iowa, where she was raised.)

A LITTLE WHILE

1. A little while to wonder,
A little while to pray-
Then life's cord part a-sunder
To let us drift away.
A hand to clasp unshaken,
A fleeting glance of love,
Earth's dreams are done,
We waken
In God's bright morn above.

Chorus:
While yet in the shadows
Beset by strife and strain,
We gather in life's meadow
The bitter-sweet of pain;
The peace of deaths wide river,
Life's last soft touch of grace-
When in God's bliss forever
Then we shall see His face.

2. A while seems long and dreary,
We cannot understand,
Upon this shore so weary,
Must touch the parting hand;
Thoughts knell not sounds in
singing-
It's but a little while.

Chorus

Words and music composed by
Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

The CHURCH AMONG The MAPLE TREES

The Church among the maple trees,
Has prospered thus-shall never cease,
Twas organized and had begun
In eighteen hundred sixty-one.

Some Mennonites there met and prayed
A lasting, firm foundation laid,
A Church was built then, neat and plain,
And that first Church was not in vain.

Some ministers there preached the word,
How many, I have never heard,
Some others they were called and tried,
Then Philip Roulet was employed.

For many years he did the work
So faithfully-would never shirk,
The first Church then became too small,
There was not room enough for all.

A new and modern Church was built,
And soon again the room was filled,
The Sunday School was in its prime,
Was never better any time.

Then changes came-some wondered West,
And Father Roulet needed rest,
That time there was a vacant space,
Then Brother Miller filled the place.

He preached the word with zeal and love,
And blessings showered from above,
Again the membership increased,
They built an annex toward the East.

A call to city mission then
Took Brother Miller off again,
Then Brother Miller was concerned,
About his flock, and then returned.

Then trials came - it was a test,
And for a change, he traveled West,
But soon came back, no more to roam,
For Iowa was home, sweet home.

He started preaching on again,
And all the people said, "Amen".
From heaven then there came a call,
And that one was the best of all.

His victory on earth was won,
The Lord will say, well done, well done,
This Church I spoke about, and praised
Is close where I was born and raised.

EVENING BELLS

Those evening bells of olden times,
I still can hear their soothing chimes,
They tell of home and loved ones there,
From labor call to rest and prayer.

At early dawn the larks you hear,
Then will the morning light appear,
They sing while soaring up so high,
Then they return, and downward fly.

At Eventide the nightingale
Breaks forth in song throughout the vale,
In harmony the music swells,
In tones like echoes of the bells.

When last I heard the echo die,
With saddened heart I said "goodbye",
Tho' ever in my memory dwells
The chimes of those village bells.

Those evening bells, sweet evening bells,
Like ocean waves the echo sways,
Sweet memories of other days,
O'er hill and dale the music swells.

It's time for rest and prayer, it tells,
From every village church it sounds,
From every steeples, tower and towns.

The people stop from work and pray,
Will labor there another day,
The young folks then went out and sang
The favorite song in chorus sang.

This it what my mother told me,
How it was in Germany,
Then she was living there
And could all those blessings share.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

OUR FIRST CAR

When the first car came in sight-
It seemed to us complete
To ride in one of them, we thought
Would be a perfect treat.
One day a 'prefect treat' had come-
A chance in one to ride.
And there it was, the only one,
No others were in sight.

It seemed so grand, just had one seat-
Today we call that 'truck'.
It smelled so strong like gasoline.
It sounded like "chuck, chuck, chuck!"
And after that we owned one, too,
A Studebaker Four.
Tho more improved, and it had seats
For seven, sometimes more.

Then grief and trouble had begun
For our new Studebaker.
For it got bumped and knocked about
Where ever we would take her!
One day a car bumped into ours-
And smashed a fender flat.
Another time two horses jumped
On top-and things like that.

One day a girl was trying
To run a car but did a trick-
She lost control of her machine
And give our car a lick.
Once it got in a wire fence
And from its course it skipt.
One light caught in the upper wire
And from its post it ripped.

One place from Colfax out this way,
The road was narrow, we had to stop.
Another car shot by, caught ours
And clear tore off the top.
Another girl, unfortunate,
Was learning how to drive-
Came in full speed and bumped our car-
'Twas crippled then for life!

So we got rid of that and bought
Another Studebaker.
It never got a bump or scratch
And travel, we could make her!
But that one soon got out of fashion,
It was a tourist car.
In crowded streets or curves before,
You could not see so far.

HOW CAN I EVER LEAVE THEE

(A Song)

1. O blessed Saviour lead Thou me,
My way I can not clearly see;
How can I ever leave Thee.
"Come unto me, I hear Thee say,
"Just follow I will lead the way,
I never will forsake thee"
O Wondrous bliss supreme divine-
What blessed fellowship is mine;
What need I fear when days are drear
With my almighty friend so near.

My life, my love, my all I give,
For Thou hast died that I might live-
The pain and agony endured,
The sinners parden thus assured,
A sinner cried, "remember me."
Thou givest pardon full and free;
Tho may His deeds as mountains rise
Shall be with thee in Paradise.

2. Lord, Thou hast suffered in my stead-
The cruel cross was on thee laid,
How can I ever leave Thee.
For Thou hast went to Calvary
To purchase there my pardon free-
How can I ever leave Thee.
How can I cease at Jesus feet
The old, old story all repeat;
Proclaim my great Redeemer's love,
Tell of His mansions there above.

How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,
Thy Majesty can ne'er depart,
Thou hast a mansion there for me
Where I shall dwell eternally,
See my Redeemer face to face
And with redeemed ones swell his praise;
Be saved on Canaans blissful shore-
Sing Alleluiah ever more.

Words and Music composed by
Mrs. P. R. (Phebe) Aeschliman

THE NEW JERUSALEM

There are no shadows yonder,
Nor shades of eventide,
For all is clear as crystal
In that fair land of light.
The streets are paved with shining gold,
The walls of jasper made,
The city length and breadth four square,
With twelve foundations laid.

They need no sun or moon,
The Lord God giveth light,
The gates shall never close,
And there will be no night,
No sickness, sorrow, pain or death,
No tears will dim their eyes,
No weeping ever shall be heard,
In God's own Paradise.

They never more shall hunger
The bread of Life will feed,
Nor thirst-the Lamb of God will
To living waters lead.
They need no holy temple,
For God will be with them,
The Holy City there will be
The New Jerusalem.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

THE LOST SHEEP

Hark 'tis the voice of the shepherd
Leading his sheep to the fold;
Eagerly willing they follow-
Enter the portals of gold.
Ninety and nine only entered,
O for the anguish and pain-
Out in the darkness He hastened
Seeking the lost to regain.

Over the desert so dreary,
Over the cliffs rough and steep.
Faintly He heard a low bleating,
There was the wondering sheep.
Up on His shoulder He laid it
Safety 'toward home He was bound.
There is rejoicing in heaven
When a lost sinner is found.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

OUR FIRST CAR (Continued)

We traded that one off again
For a Studebaker with two doors.
A boy unfortunately upset her-
Since then it had no force.
Then we got one with pep and power-
A grand Four Door Sedan.
Warren Cram, then was the dealer
He is a dandy man.

We used that one for many years-
It served its purpose well.
But fashions change and wonder
So sudden, who can tell!
We bought another Studebaker-
One of the latest style.
We will never trade that one or sell it,
But keep her all the while.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

THE NINETY AND NINE

There were ninety and nine in the Shepherd's care,
Safely sheltered in the fold,
But one was out in the desert,
Shivering from hunger and cold,
The night was dark and dreary,
The road was rough and steep,
The Shepherd in His mercy
Was seeking His own lost sheep.

Chorus
Seeking, seeking, nearer and nearer He came,
Calling, calling, calling His sheep by name.

Through the lonely desert, wild and bare,
Over rocky mountains steep,
He heard a plaintive bleating
There was his wandering sheep,
He laid it on His shoulder,
And soothed its plaintive cries,
He called his friends and neighbors,
"Come and with me rejoice."

Chorus
Glad news, glad news, glad news in Paradise
Angels, angels, angels in heaven rejoice.

Words and music by
Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

THE PRODIGAL SON

The prodigal son had gone astray,
Far from the Father's house away,
He took his own to a foreign land
In pleasure all his own was spend,
Then came a famine he was in need
He as a servant swine must feed,
Then memories came of Father's love,
Like rays of sunshine from above,
I will return, of my sin repent
Obey the Father's true comment,
Unworthy to be called a son,
But hoping he will claim his own,
The Father hastened his child to meet
The son fell humbly at his feet,
The fatted calf for him was killed,
His hopes and wishes were fulfilled.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

THE FOX AND THE BABOON

Once there were two neighbors, each living alone;
They didn't accomplish much, so it went on.
Their dwelling was humble, no furniture there-
They had no table, not even a chair.

The fox had a garden, the baboon had none;
One day he came over there spying for fun-
He saw some potatoes with onions between,
A thing so mysterious he never had seen.

He noticed his neighbor there sitting and smoking-
"What is the advantage?" he asked in a joke.
The fox was good natured and told him about-
He went to his garden there, pulling some out.

The onions will make the potatoes eyes weep-
Without irrigating the moisture will keep;
Animals are sometimes wiser than we-
Take the advantage and try it and see!

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman
1944

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN

To that garden of my Mother's
In that dear old Eastern State
Oft my thoughts and dreams have wondered,
And more real it seems of late
I can see it as a picture.
Leveled off so straight and square
With a picket fence around it,
And a gate to enter there.

By the entrance there were planted,
Shrubs that blossomed in the Spring
Growing tall, and outward spreading
In their branches birds would sing.
T'was in quarters there divided
Through its paths, some three feet wide
Bordered with my mother's flowers
All around the other side.

There were roses, Phlox, Verbenas,
Neatly planted in a row,
Holly hocks, petunias, zinnias
'Neath the sun their colors glow
In the center was a small round bed
Where some choicest flower grew
Spreading far and near their fragrance
Showing forth their glories here.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

ANGELS TOLD THE STORY

Shepherds on the plain were keeping
Watches o'er their flocks by night;
E'er the dawn of morn was breaking
There appeared a shining light.
Angels told the blessed story
When the great Redeemer came-
Coming from the heavens glory,
To the town of Bethlehem.

The shepherd went to Bethlehem
To see the story angels told-
There they found the King of Glory,
By the prophets long foretold,
Humbly lying in a manger,
Not a cradle for His bed;
There so peacefully was sleeping-
Not a pillow for His head.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

RESURRECTION MORN

At dawn, before the break of day,
An angel rolled the stone away,
The keepers in their fright have fled,
And suddenly became as dead,
The Christ arose victorious,
The sight must have been glorious.

While His friends were in despair,
Bring precious spices there,
Early at the dawn of day,
Found the stone was rolled away,
And the women mourned and wept,
Saw the place where Jesus slept.

In the tomb an angel stood-said
"He is risen-He's not dead."
And the angel told them go,
Tell His true disciples so,
Frightened from the tomb they fled,
There the Lord divine they met.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

How can you ask us to sing songs in the night,
When the heart trembles with terror and fright
Dark is the future, we cannot look through,
No ray of sunshine all clouded and blue,
Our harps hang on willows, and all out of tune,
No starlight is guiding-no sun and no moon.

Our life boat seems drifting, without the control
There's war in the nation, and storm in the soul
We have not been singing, forever so long,
And then you ask us, to sing you a song,
At night you lie sleepless you think and you pray,
The nights are so long, and you wish it were day.

Street lights are covered, and giving no light,
How can you sing when the nations all fight
We hide in the shadow, all courage has fled,
God is still living, He will conquer yet,
Jesus is present-is always in sight,
So let us be joyful, sing songs in the night.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

THE VACANT CHAIR

One more has left our circle here;
One more has gone, one less to cheer;
One vacant chair, one more to miss,
One more to share the Heavens bliss.

One precious soul has gone to rest-
'Twas father, dear, who was our best.
O father we have loved thee well-
No mortal tongue our grief can tell.

Farewell to thee, our treasured dear,
'Twas care and sorrow thou hadst here;
But yonder joy and bliss supreme
Where angels welcome and esteem.

But his we know and are content-
Thou hast obeyed the Lord's command.
Now he has called thee Home to rest,
His will be done for He knows best.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman
In honor of her father

A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS

I have a house not made with hands,
Eternally in heaven
In this I shall be confident
Where earthly ties are riven.

And I shall see Him face to face,
For whom my heart is yearning,
I shall be present with the Lord,
In that bright cloudless morning.

There crosses change to starry crowns,
Outside the open portals
And I shall enter into the rest,
Be equal with immortals.

Long parted loved ones I shall meet,
Behold their loving faces,
And I shall see the King of Kings,
And forever sing His praises.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

By Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

For a trip around the world
Two men were making plans;
They were both interested
In foreign mission lands.

They were both interested
And plans for the voyage made;
They sailed from San Francisco-
Passed thru the Golden Gate.

Their first stop was Hawaii-
Where figs and palm trees grow;
Sight-seeing and for pleasure
There, many people go.

When they were sailing t'ward Japan
An awful storm came on-
The ceiling and walls seemed rolling,
The ship did rock and groan.

In India and in China
They tarried many a day;
In Champa and Calcutta
Where missionaries stay.

They entered in the Holy Land,
Came to Jerusalem-
Most interesting it was
The drive to Bethlehem.

They also were at Nazarath
Where white capped mounts were seen-
Mount Carmel and Mount Horem,
And other mounts between.

They saw the veil of Sharon,
The place called Calvary;
Drank water out of Jacob's well-
Then drove to Jerico.

Along the Jordan valley,
Down in the deep below-
Were rowing in a boat upon
The Lake of Galilee.

From there they went to Switzerland
With hills and mountains green;
There herds of sheep and cattle grazed-
From far away could be seen.

GROWING OLD

They say I'm getting old and gray-
I must admit am on the way;
You say, white hairs are now my crown-
I think some still are partly brown;
It's true, the house I'm living in
Is shaky, and I'm getting thin,
My eyes are not so good you see
As years ago they used to be;
I often stumble when I walk-
And so forgetful when I talk;
The lines upon my face are years
Of toil and labor, smiles and tears;
It's true, the outer may decay-
But still my heart can sing and pray,
Sing praises to my heavenly King
Is still to me a precious thing.
I'm eighty years of age you see,
Altho this does not bother me.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman, 1945.

'TWAS THEN MY COMFORT

One day the skies were overcast,
And wildly blew the angry blast-
A storm had come, so tired with
conflict, tired of life;
And longing to give up the strife
I sight for home.
My anxious soul was full of care,
Then came the trouble I must bear-
And sick at heart I raised in tears
my longing eyes-
And saw the dark and clouded skies-
my hopes depart.

"Twas then-when all on earth had failed
And from the world my eyes were veiled.
I looked above and saw beyond those
darkened skies
A gleam that dried my weeping eyes-
A hand of love.
And then a voice spoke sweet and clear,
Into my hungry longing ears,
A message sweet, 'twas this':
"Come cast your care on me, and lay
The burden given thee down at my feet,"

(Words and Music composed by
Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman

PALOUSE COUNTRY

I will tell you a story,
If you would care to know-
It's a marvelous tale
Of the long, long ago.
Of a famous country
Which we now call Palouse;
Where the buffalo thrived,
And the little red papoose.

Where the Indians were abounding,
And were roaming to and fro,
With their ponys, tents and blankets,
And their meat was 'buffalo'.
Then came the covered wagons
With the plucky pioneers;
The Indians were dissatisfied-
Were filled with rage and fear.

Then also missionaries came
To bring the Word of Life-
One by the name of Spaulding toiled
Midst struggle, war and strife.
The Indians then had moved away,
And secede to interfere-
Left the country for improvement
To the plucky pioneer.

They were busy building cabins,
And were planting apple trees-
Barley, wheat and clover
Were waving in the breeze.
The country then was booming loud-
Re'echoed to the east,
And other people heard about,
The population then increased.

The people thrived finacially-
Also in social ways.
The mode of travel was horse back
In those, the former days.
Some people had no place to go
But to the public dance-
That wasn't every body's taste-
Not those with common sense.

School houses then were here and there-
Onecho here, was one.
A place that was quite popular,
A Sunday School began.
The Methodists had services-
Mennonites from the east
Came in and helped along,
Since then it never ceased.

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD (Continued)

They saw the Alps so steep and high-
So beautiful and grand!
Some people climbed up to the top,
From there tho, must descend.

One day they planned to climb
One of those mountains too;
But soon an awful fog came on
And took away the view.

But higher up 'twas marvelous!
The fog looked like the sea;
The sun then come like golden glow-
What could more lovely be?

From there they traveled on again,
Arrived in Germany,
Berlin, Holland, and then in France-
Must hurry on, you see.

At last their mission was complete,
Their voyage home began;
They bid "Good Bye"-were sailing on
T'ward the setting of the sun.

Embarked upon the ship Olympic
Sailing on, were homeward bound;
In New York, within the harbor
Were landed safe and sound.

That trip around the world was real-
Went always t'ward the west;
They had a very blessed time,
But "Home Sweet Home" is best.

One of them was Dr. Kliewer,
The other, Mr. Habegger, J. P.
They took the trip around the world
Over land, from sea to sea.

MY BROTHER'S TRIP

By Phebe Aeschliman

A man from Nampa, Idaho
Was going on a trip.
I'll write a line or two about
E'er it my mind may slip.

He had a sleeper for the night-
Was bound for Iowa.
He thought about his people there,
Was happy on his way.

One place they had a heavy rain-
A bridge had been washed out;
They switched the train on other track-
Knew what they were about.

Then he arrived at Davenport-
Where Art and Ada live;
They showed him such a lovely time-
All the pleasure they could give.

Then to Pulaski they had come
In time for Sunday School.
In that church where he had always went,
There learned the Golden Rule.

There he could visit all the friends,
Had such a lovely time;
He saw his neices, nephews and cousins,
To envy him would be a crime.

He stayed around there for two days,
Then back to Art's again.
Where he stayed for two more days,
Then went to Michigan.

Then he was bound for Washington-
In Colfax did arrive.
That trip he never will forget,
No, never in his life!

We got him home as fast we could-
He had a birthday there.
We had a cake with candles on,
Surprised him . . . was it fair?

Another great surprize was coming.
I think it was worth while,
There was Lora and the children . . .
You should of seen him smile!

HISTORY OF THE ONECHO CHURCH (Continued)

The Church and Sunday School went on-
Though often times then Paul was gone;
His calling was home mission work,
Was often called-would never shirk.

Helped struggling churches on their feet-
Conditions that were incomplete;
At home the Church was doing well,
The people did in number swell.

The first church then became too small-
There was not room enough for all;
A new and modern church was built,
Our hopes and wishes were fulfilled.

'Twas forty-three years, almost four-
Still Paul was preaching as before;
We then a problem had to face-
A younger man must fill the place.

One day all the members met,
The meeting still by Paul was led,
We gave a call to Harley King-
He must instead the message bring.

He preached the Word with zeal and love-
And blessing showered from above;
Then Rev. King received a call-
It was a shock to one and all!

Rev. King soon left us then,
His work well done we said, Amen,
Then Rev. Unruh took his place-
And soon we met him face to face.

He preaches Bible-what we need-
Only Bible truth complete;
With courage, power, zeal and love,
May blessings shower from above.

The Shepherd is the Son of God,
Who down from heaven came,
We are His sheep, were lost, but found,
Believing on His name.

For God so loved the world, that He
His only Son has given,
His name is Jesus Christ, and we
Shall meet Him there in heaven.

Mrs. P. R. Aeschliman